

The Organizer.

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POETRY.

WOMAN'S HEART.

"Alas! that man should ever win
So sweet a shrine to shame and sin,
As woman's heart!" L. E. L.

Say, what is woman's heart?—a thing
Where all the deepest feelings spring;
A harp whose tender chords reply
Unto the touch of harmony;
A world whose fairy scenes are fraught
With all the colored dreams of thought;
A bark, that still will blindly move
Upon the treacherous seas of Love.

What is its love?—a ceaseless stream,
A changeless star, an endless dream;
A smiling flower that will not die;
"A beauty—and a mystery!"

Its storms as light as April showers;
Its joys as bright as April flowers;
Its hopes as sweet as Summer air,
And dark as Winter is despair!

What are its hopes?—rainbows that throw
A radiant light where'er they go—
Smiling when Heaven is overcast,
Yet melting into storms at last;
Bright cheats that come with siren words,
Beguiling it like Summer birds;
That stay while Nature round them blooms,
But flee away when Winter comes.

What is its fate?—a passing frown,
A single weed 'midst blossoms sown,
That cannot flourish there long;
A harsh note in an angel's song;
A Summer cloud, that all the while
Is lighted up by a sunbeam's smile;
A passion that scarce hath a part
Amidst the gems of woman's heart.

What then, is woman's heart?—a thing
Where all the deeper feelings spring;
A harp, whose tender chords reply
Unto the touch, in harmony;
A world whose fairy scenes are fraught
With all the colored dreams of thought,
A bark that still will blindly move
Upon the treacherous seas of Love.

MISCELLANEOUS.

From the St. Louis Republican.
FORT KEARNY, Nebraska Territory,
May 18th, 1849.

GENTLEMEN: The Mormon mail from the happy valley of the Salt Lake has just dropped in upon us on its way to the frontiers; and I avail myself of the opportunity to send you a line—and a line it will almost literally be, as I have but a moment in which to write. The ice is at last broken, and the inundation of gold diggers is upon us. The first specimen, with a large pick axe over his shoulder, a long rifle in his hand, and two revolvers and a bowie knife stuck in his belt, made his appearance here a week ago last Sunday. He only had time to ask for a drink of buttermilk, a piece of ginger-bread, and how "fur" it was to "California," and then hallooing to his long-legged, slab-sided cattle, drawing a dimutive, yellow-top Yankee wagon, he disappeared on the trail towards the gold 'diggins.' Since then wagons have been constantly passing. Up to this morning four hundred and seventy-six wagons have gone past this point; and this is but the advance guard. Persons who have come thro' hurriedly from the frontiers, say that every road is lined. This is an excellent point from which to see all that is desirable to be seen, as all the roads unite before reaching here. I have not the time, nor the power to describe the queer outfits and queer people that are at present to be found on the western prairies. Some other time I may attempt it.

Every State, and I presume almost every town and county in the United States, is now represented in this part of the world. Wagons of all patterns, sizes and descriptions, drawn by bulls, cows, oxen, jackasses, mules and horses, are daily seen rolling along towards the Pacific, guarded by walking arsenicals. Arms of all kinds must certainly be scarce in the States, after such a drain as the emigrants must have made upon them. Not a man but what has a gun and a revolver or two, and one fellow I saw, actually had no less than three Bowie knives stuck in his belt. Many of the parties as originally formed in the States have had dissensions, and are broken up, and each fellow is striking out for himself. This mode of life soon brings out a man in his true colors. No one knows a man, and he does not know himself, until he is brought out in his true character in the tented field, or on some such expedition as is now occupying so many of our citizens.

However, all are jogging on their way, with the determination, apparently of finding the end of the road—and in truth it matters but little

whether a man is in an organized company or by himself, for it is impossible to get out of sight of wagons. Such an emigration as is now passing over the plains, has not had its parallel in any age. Composed, as it mostly is, of the best material of our land, the country that receives it must necessarily assume a commanding position. Many rascals, however, are along with the crowd, to give it a little wholesome seasoning. Several horses and mules have changed hands; but as it is in an Indian country, the poor Indian must bear the blame. The last arrival from the frontiers is a solitary foot traveller, who says he has come all the way from Maine, without the assistance of either railroad, stage, steamboat or telegraph wires. He is accompanied by a savage-looking bull dog, has a long rifle over his shoulder, on the end of which he carries his baggage, consisting of a small bundle, about the size of your hat. He has no provision, but gets along pretty well by sponging on his fellow travelers. He says he wants but a hundred meals to carry him through, and he rather guesses he'll find Christians enough on the road to supply him with that number.

It is impossible to give the names of the companies, or the number of men that pass over the road, but I think that the ratio between men and wagons, is as three and a half to one.

Our old friends, the Pawnees, have had a hard time of it during the past winter. When they returned from their hunting grounds, their trail could be followed by the dead bodies of those who had starved to death. Children, young men and women, have shared this fate. Now that spring has arrived, their condition will be improved. They have abandoned their old village 75 miles below us, on the Platte, and have commenced a new one at the mouth of the Saline, some 80 miles nearer the frontiers of Missouri. Their old enemies, the Sioux, are pressing them hard, which is probably the cause of this step. Several war parties of both nations are on the war path, and several scalps have already changed owners. A large party of Sioux, a few days since, came upon some half dozen Pawnees, and took three scalps and a small boy prisoner. This occurred some twenty miles from the post, and in the immediate vicinity of a party of emigrants, who if report be true, played any thing but an honorable part in the affair. The Pawnees, upon observing the overwhelming force of their enemies, who numbered about two hundred, took shelter with this train, but the gallant men composing it, drove them forth without mercy. There was one squaw in the party, and the warriors finding they had to fight, told her to run for the river while they threw themselves between her and the Sioux, and died fighting bravely. The squaw reached the river and escaped. As soon as it was known here, Capt. Walker took twenty men, pursued and overtook the Sioux, rescued the prisoner and restored him back to his mother. These little Indian fights, which, by the way, are of pretty frequent occurrence, and the arrival of the emigrants, have broken in pretty effectually upon the monotony of our prairie life.

One of the men with the Mormon mail, is just from the "diggins," in California, and is certainly a happy fellow; for he says that he has as much gold as he wants. He showed a stocking full as a specimen, and as you may well suppose, the emigrants opened wide their eyes at the sight of the glittering mass. I will endeavor to keep you advised of the number of wagons which pass here, and may occasionally find material for a letter.

Yours, &c.,

PAWNEE.

MAY 19th. The cry is, "still they come." Yesterday 180 wagons passed here, making in all 650. A cart load of letters start for the frontiers this morning, and I presume many mothers, wives and sweethearts will soon be made happy.

SANTA ANNA.—The first intelligence we have had of this noted personage for a long time is contained in the Delta of Tuesday.

Santa Anna has recently furnished from his retreat at Kinross, Jamaica, an elaborate reply, in a volume of 300 octavo pages, to the accusations of treason, brought against him in Congress by one of the representatives, Senor Gamboa. The reply

ex-President makes out, as usual, a good case; and shows, apparently, that his efforts during the recent war were fruitless, owing to the want of co-operation on the part of the government, the lack of funds, circumstances over which he had no control, etc. He enters into an auto-biographical account of all his exploits, hardships and reverses, and evidently aims more at making an impression for the future than at vindicating the past.

Too much Money.

Said a friend to us last evening—"I never saw but one man in my life, who acknowledged he had quite as much money as he knew how to dispose of. I had called at his house one day when a gentleman present urged him to a scheme from which he might realize a large profit. 'You are right,' said he 'as regards the probable success of the speculation, but I shall not embark in it; I have too much money now.' This very uncommon remark struck me most forcibly; and after the gentleman retired, I asked Mr. P. to explain."

"Yes," said he in reply, "I would not cross the street to gain thousands; I should be a happier man if my income were less. I am old, and in a year or two, whatever I possess, will avail me nought—my daughters are dead, and I have three sons upon whom I look with a father's pride. My own education had been neglected, my fortune was gained by honest labor and careful economy; I had no time for study, but I resolved that my sons should have every advantage. Each had the opportunity of gaining a fine classical education, and then I gave them the choice of a profession. The eldest would be a physician; the second chose the law; the third resolved to follow my footsteps as a merchant. This was very well—I was proud of my sons and hoped that one day I might see them all distinguished, or at least useful to their fellow men. I had spared no expense in their training; they had never wanted money, for I gave each a liberal allowance. Never had men fairer prospects of becoming honored and respected; but look at the result. The physician has no patients—the lawyer not a single client, and the merchant is above visiting his counting house. In vain I urged them to be more industrious. What is the reply? 'There is no use of it, father—we shall never want for money, we know you have enough for all.' So look at my disappointment. Instead of being active, energetic members of society, my sons are but idlers, men of fashion and display. True, they have few vices—perhaps not so many as their associates; they have never done anything to bring disgrace upon my name—but I had expected them to add to the little reputation I may have gained. It is not the money that I care for, as my son says I have money enough for all. But let the physician attend the poor, and the lawyer see that justice is done to those who have not the means of paying the enormous fees now required by the members of the bar. The merchant may not need the reward of his labors, but there are a thousand benevolent institutions to the support of which it would be a pleasure for me to see him contribute. They would at least be useful, each in his vocation, to those around them; now selfish amusement is their only aim. This is a burden upon my heart, and this is the reason of the remark you listened to. Had they been obliged to struggle against difficulties to gain their professions, and were they now dependent upon their own exertions for support, my sons would have gained honor to themselves and me."

This is the experience of many a wealthy parent, though all do not grieve at the result. It has almost passed into a proverb, that "nothing can be expected of rich men's sons," and in looking about us at the distinguished men of our own day, how few we find who have been nursed into greatness.

TAKING IT COOLLY.—Many years ago, as Judge Tompkins, afterwards Governor Tompkins, was sentencing a man to be executed for murder, in Orange county, N. Y., and while he was, in pathetic terms, admonishing him to repentance and preparation, the criminal looking up to the gallery of the church in which the court was held, exclaimed in a loud and clear voice, "Keep order there, will you—I cannot hear what the Judge says to me."

A Beautiful Extract.

The Hon. Robert M. Charlton delivered, a short time ago, an Address to the graduating class, at Wesleyan College, in Macon, Ga., which treated of Education in general, and particularly of the increased influence and charm which it imparts to woman. We make the following extract:

"And you, my gentle hearers! you, who have been sent by an unerring wisdom to be at once the ruler and the governed; whose duty it is to obey and yield, and whose privilege it is to command and to sway even by obeying, and in yielding, keep well the charge committed to you. Oh! train well the infant heart that Providence hath placed within your care. Stamp upon it, whilst the soil is yet soft, the moral image of its Creator; whisper to it the kind lessons of humanity and self-sacrifice; tell it of the temptations of the world, and let your own life be a guide to its steps, and the lantern to its path, to lead it to Heaven. Oh, sister! love well the playmate, the brother of your youth! One form hath given you life, one bosom hath nourished you; let one heart and one affection be yours forever; so shall you be beautiful in life; so shall not death divide you! And, Oh, wife! what shall I say to you, you who can exercise so potent an influence upon the manly form that has promised to be thine forever, in sickness and in health, in riches and in poverty, in glory and in shame. 'Tis thus, too, that your own oath has been registered. Oh! be mindful of the solemn pledge! Be not too hasty to reprove or condemn. Remember the fierce strife which his spirit must endure to win sustenance for you and your loved ones. Remember the fretting of the mind, the weariness of the body, which the primeval curse has entailed upon him, and remember how that curse came. Be it thine, to calm life's troubled waves; be it thine, by the gentle words, thy cheering smile to make the drooping heart rejoice; and as the dove, when it found no spot to rest upon, came back with joy and speed to the ark, where it knew it would have a kind welcome and a generous protection; when thy companion has found in this troublesome stormy life, no spot upon which his saddened heart, his weary form can stay, and flies back to thee, the ark of his joy and of his hope, drive not the bird with the broken wing from thy bosom by coldness or by reproach, but be it thy turn, the protector and sustainer of him that has protected and sustained thee; and so shall he take new comfort and new strength to buckle on his armor again for life's conflicts, secure in the reflection, that, though the whole world forsake him, one heart clings to him with unceasing sympathy; one life is linked with his life; one joy with his joy; one sorrow with his sorrow; and that if, borne down in the fierce encounter, he shall sleep the sleep of death, one memory shall cherish his memory; one soul shall watch his spirit's flight, and long for the time when, in a brighter land and a happier home, the hearts that had been linked together in time will be bound together in eternity."

Not so bad.—In the height of the opposition between the two steamboat lines, running from the Kennebec to Boston, last summer and just as the rival boats were making ready to start, a wagon hove in sight in which was an old lady with an accompaniment of bandboxes and bundles evidently equipped for a journey. The respective agents of the two lines sprang towards her. "Take the Marshall, madam!—fine boat." Try the Penobscot—new boat built last summer, commanded by the favorite of every body—Capt. —" &c. &c. The boys and the loafers around echoed the claims of their favorites in concert,—"Hurry for the Penobscot!" "Go to the John Marshall." The old lady who had probably never seen a steamboat before, and whose chief notion of the varnished was connected with their boiler, burning propensities, was almost beside herself with terror at the hub-bub.

"O, Lordy, I wish I'd never stipped a step. If I'd known there was to be such an awful time as this I'm sure I wouldn't. These pesky boilers I know they'll burst—every body looking after me, and nobody attending to them. There, go right away, all of you. I'm going straight back, I could not rest a bit for fear of them pesky boilers."

"You need give yourself no anxiety on account of the boilers in the Marshall," said the agent of the M.; "They are new and sound, and could not be made to burst."

"Are you sure of it?" said the old lady, evincing symptoms of a favorable disposition towards the Marshall—"you ain't a tryin to practice on the credulity of a poor lone woman, I hope."

"No fear of me—sound as a tea kettle, was the reply."

The old lady was descending from the wagon to embark in the Marshall, when agent No. 2 stepped up.

"Madam," said he in a serious tone, "no doubt the Marshall's boilers are sound enough, but the best boilers are dangerous things. We knew that a great many people had been killed by them, especially of late, and took the boilers out of our boat three weeks ago."

"You did!" said she; that's the boat for me then. James (to the boy in the wagon) pass out the basket and the bonnet box, and the umbrella, and don't forget the new shoes and the doughnuts under the seat. Tell Sally that I went in a boat without any boilers, and she need have no fear of me."

And giving her arm to the agent, she hurried aboard the Penobscot—remarking that they had better hurry out of the way of the bilers of the other boat; as if they were to burst, she might get hurt at that distance!—Portland Bulletin.

HUSBANDS.—Assist your wives in making home happy. Preserve the hearts you have won.

1. When you return from your daily avocations do you find your habitations alluring? Do not sit down in a corner, silent and sullen, with a clouded brow, and visage repulsive! Meet your wives with a smile of joy and satisfaction. Take them by the hand.

2. Never indulge in harsh, coarse or profane words. These to a woman of refinement, of delicate and tender sensibility are exceedingly disgusting, and tend to grieve her spirit. Let the law of kindness dwell upon your lips; write it upon the table of your heart. Modesty and delicacy are gems of priceless value; keep them polished like burnished gold.

3. Husbands, be exceedingly cautious never to say or do any thing which will tend to mortify the feelings of your wives in company. Here, if possible, show them more marked respect than when alone.

4. Give your wives to understand that you esteem them above all others; make them your confidants; confide in them, and they will in you; confidence begets confidence; love begets love; sweetness begets sweetness.

5. Above all, sympathize with the wives of your bosom in the hour of affliction. Rejoice with them when they rejoice, and weep with them when they weep. Who, if not a bosom companion, will wipe from the cheek a falling tear of sorrow?

6. Finally, husbands, remember that death will soon sever the connubial cord! When you behold her with whom you lived, and toiled, and wept, and rejoiced, cold and lifeless, laid in the coffin,

"Think of the happiness so deep and tender,
Which filled thy heart when wandering by her side,
Think how her faintest smile had power to render
The darkest moment one of love and pride,
And now that this frail form in death grows colder,
A sweet calm rapture fills the parting hour,
That thou art with her, though a sad beholder,
A witness of the dear redeemers power."

Will you then regret that you studied always to promote her happiness? That the law of kindness and love dwelt on your lips, evermore? O think, and be now her ministering angel!

MR. COLLAMER REMOVING LADIES.—We perceive that Mr. Collamer has already found it necessary to remove certain ladies, holding obscure post offices. The following is a punishment of one of Fitz Henry Warren's constituents:

N. L. Stout, Bloomington, Massachusetts; Iowa, Vice Mrs. S. Earl.

Gallant, chivalrous Fitz Henry, make the Erie Observer, what sin against Federalism had poor Mrs. Earl committed that her head must soon be brought to the block? Had she a son among the Iowa volunteers in Mexico, and that commit the unpardonable sin; or did he only "interfere in elections" by voting against General Taylor and such? Or had she, unlucky woman, disregarded that only article of faith upon which Gen. Taylor de-

initely, in the canvass last fall, expressed himself—early marriages? But joking aside, is not this pretty work for an administration that came into power professing to have no "friends to reward," and yet descends to the removal of ladies to reward partizanship.—Yazoo Democrat.

The Best Yet.

The Knickerbocker tells of a place down east where the gold fever rages with remarkable fury, which is not a little increased by the practical jokes of a young lawyer, who pretends to receive many letters from the gold regions, which he reads to those gaudy bumpkins who assemble at his office in order to have their credulity stretched. The following is his latest missive:

"We arrived at San Francisco three weeks ago yesterday, and after stopping three or four days to recruit and make preparations, we set out for the gold country. The country on the banks of the Sacramento is exceedingly fine, and the soil the most fertile in the world. We passed several wheat fields which had just been reaped, and would yield over two hundred bushels to the acre. There is, however, one drawback; this neighborhood is much infested with noxious serpents, and more than as likely as not, in picking up a bundle of wheat, you will take a huge rattlesnake in your arms! We passed along up the river without making much stop, and soon we came to the gold region. We found the gold in small grains or particles. My companions all stopped to gather it, but I thought I would keep on and go to the head waters, if I could find them. I soon came to where I found the precious metal as large as a walnut. Penetrating the country farther, I found it became more p'centy, and I frequently noticed pieces of gold the size of a common tea kettle. In fact the appearance of the country in many places reminded me of New England cornfields after the corn has been removed, and before the pumpkins are gathered. Still I did not stop there, but kept on towards the course of the river. Here the country was broken and mountainous, and large boulders of gold, of the size of a five pint kettle, were quite common. I came at length to a mountain, in which I suppose the river takes its rise. On the side of my approach it was very precipitous. At the base of a high cliff I looked up and saw about one hundred and fifty feet above me, and almost over my head, a mass of solid, shining gold as large as a bunch of screwed hay! It seemed to be suspended by a single root or vine. I had nothing with me but my gun; it was loaded with a ball, and my first thought was to fire and cut off the cord by which the glittering mass was hung; but as I was on the point of firing, it occurred to me if I did, the gold would infallibly fall on me and crush me—so I—"

Here the reader was interrupted by a fellow with a largely developed organ of credulity, his eyes transfixed with wonder, and tobacco juice running down each corner of his mouth, who broke out with "By thunder, I'd a fired!"

WIFE.—There is no combination of letters in the English language, which excites more pleasing and interesting associations in the mind of man, than the word wife. There is magic in the little word. It presents to the mind's eye, a cheerful companion, a disinterested adviser, a nurse in sickness, a comforter in misfortune, and faithful and ever affectionate friend. It conjures up the image of a lovely and confiding woman who cheerfully undertakes to contribute to your happiness—to partake with you the cup, whether of weal or woe, which destiny may offer. The word wife is synonymous with the greatest earthly blessing, and we pity the unfortunate wretch, who is condemned by fate's severe decree, to trudge along through life's dull pilgrimage without one.

ADVANTAGES OF RAILWAYS.—A contemporary remarks that travelling on Rail Roads in Massachusetts has become as familiar as riding in omnibuses, and people arrive in Boston from places at considerable distances, transact business, and depart homeward, with no more concern than one would bestow upon a walk from one part of the city to the other. One instance of this is to be noted in the fact, that in a list of members of the legislature, fifteen Senators and ninety-two Assemblymen are set down as boarding "at home."